

CROTCHET LODGE:

A FARCE,

IN

TWO ACTS,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

WRITTEN BY

THOMAS HURLSTONE,

AUTHOR OF

JUST IN TIME, A COMIC OPERA, IN THREE ACTS—

THE BRITISH RECRUIT—&c.—&c.

A NEW EDITION.

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DEDICATION.

TO

THOMAS HARRIS, ESQ.

PATENTEE of the THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN, &c.

SIR,

I AM proud thus publicly to declare, that I deem myself considerably indebted to your judicious hints of improvement, after your kind perusal of the following *Bagatelle*, for its Success.—Vanity, however, and I trust a laudable one, has some share, perhaps, in the liberty I take of inscribing the little Production to you, since it affords me an opportunity of expressing my gratitude, with many Dramatic Writers of far superior Merit, who have much more Elegantly, but not more Sincerely, acknowledged their respective obligations for your politeness and assistance.

I am, with the greatest respect,

Sir,

Bedford-street,

Covent-Garden,

March 20, 1795.

Your much obliged,

And very humble Servant,

THOMAS HURLSTONE.

ADVERTISEMENT.

To Mr. LEWIS, as Acting Manager, and to the friendly exertions of the PERFORMERS in the Farce, the Author feels himself under singular obligations, and has only to regret, that the limits of the Piece would not afford them an opportunity of more fully displaying those distinguished Talents they unquestionably possess.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

TIMOTHY TRUNCHEON, *Mr. Quick.*
DASHLEY, *Mr. Macready.*
DOCTOR CHRONIC, *Mr. Powell.*
NIMBLE, *Mr. Farwell.*
SQUIRE SHINKEN AP LLOYD, *Mr. Bernard.*
PADDY, *Mr. Rock.*
WAITER, *Mr. Farley.*
BOOTCATCHER, *Mr. Thompson.*

MISS CROCHET, *Mrs. Davenport.*
FLORELLA, *Miss Chapman.*
LANDLADY, *Mrs. Henley.*
MAID AT THE INN, *Miss Stuart.*
THISRE, *Mrs. Martyr.*

N. B. The lines printed between *Parenthesis* are omitted in representation.—The reader will perceive, that the idea of NIMBLE'S Narrative, in his first scene, is borrowed from Goldsmith's Essays.

PROLOGUE.*

Written by DOCTOR HOULTON.

Spoken by Mr. FAWCETT, in the character of *Nimble*—dis-
guised as a *Sailor*, with a *Wooden-leg*.

(*Speaking as he enters.*)

ZOUNDS, Messmate *Author*, if you must have tricks,
Make me at once a "*Devil on two Sticks*,"
Not a poor imp on *one*, from home cast out,
Just like a Beggar thus—to stump about.

(*Coming forward.*)

Good folk, I pray you hear the Lubber's shift,
He says, he does me favour by this gift, (*pointing to his wooden-*
leg.)

As many a *Tar*, zealous for BRITAIN's good,
Glories to splice his hull with honour's wood;
And e'en COMMANDERS in their country's cause,
Wear this proud trophy 'midst the World's applause;
And cou'd they give the foe a harder stroke,
Wou'd wish each limb was made of *English Oak*;
Then cheer, my boys! this prayer you all will greet,
O, may HOWE meet again the *Gallic Fleet*!

Whispering our Poet, I presum'd to judge
He meant his *round top* by his *Crotchets Lodge*;
No, he replied—The *title* I present ye,
Describes the cabin of a *Cognoscenti*,
Who'll give the *Crotchets Science*, in full score,
Such terms as *Amateurs* ne'er heard before;
With whom exhibits, I shall hint, my lad,
A spouting *Publican*, stark staring mad;
Who'd rather draw one sentence from a play,
Than fifty corks from business or for pay:

* The lines marked with inverted Commas were omitted in
the delivery.

Sir,

PROLOGUE.

Sir, Sir, cried I—*Crotchets* are unconfin'd,
And reign thro' life's great vessel here—the MIND.

Brothers a-head, you smile—but I'll maintain
We've all our own dear *Crotchets* of the brain:
Yes, Messrs. CRITICS, tho' you sneer 'tis true,
For *Crotchets*—damnable, belong to you;
And LADIES—but the *fashions* I'll not press,
Had you a thousand *Crotchets* in your dress:
Ne'er heed it, girls—dress easy, spruce and light,
D—mme, dress as you please, you're always right:
A *Sailor* loves to see you neat and trim,
And *Waist*, or *no Waist*, is the same to him.

You giggle, *Beaux*—your *Crochet* from the moon,
Is to appear a perfect *pantaloons*;
Why, if the *Carmagnols* shou'd chance to meet you,
They may pop, and pop again—but ne'er hit you;
So *Bond-street* Sailors stay at home, I beg,
You'd do no honour to a *wooden-leg*!

“ One fashion shou'd prevail, when the bright Fair
“ Of BRUNSWICK comes to bless proud Albion's HEIR ;*
“ Rig out your *Colours*, ev'ry topmost bind,
“ With gaudy *Streamers*, floating on the wind:
“ This is no idle *Crochet* of the brain,
“ But Grace and Honour in fair BEAUTY's train;
“ For brave BRITANNIA claims HER as her own,
“ And hails HER lineal DAUGHTER of our THRONE.”

No more, but humbly for our Bard to pray,
You'll not think *flat* the *Crotchets* of his play;
He now is practising both *shake* and *quaver*,
Grant him safe anch'rage in Your port of favour!

* The Prologue was written and spoken a few weeks previous
to the expected arrival of the PRINCESS of WALES, Elect.

CROTCHET LODGE;

A FARCE.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *A Hall at an Inn.*

[*Bell rings.*

Enter MAID meeting a WAITER.

MAID.

WHY, Waiter, a chaise is just drove into the yard, and nobody at hand to make a bow—go and open the carriage door, and shew the gentleman a room.

Waiter. And why not you drop him a curtsy, and give him a welcome with that bewitching pair of sparklers, which the fine gentleman told you, last night, were bright enough to light him to his bed-room without the aid of a candle!

Maid. None of your impertinence!

Waiter. Yes, and you afterwards staid full half an hour in his room; warming his bed, no doubt.

B

Maid.



Maid. Saucy Jackanapes! I'll complain to my master of you, so I will—

Waiter. My master!—ha! ha—then you must complain to him, Dolly, in *Play-lingo*, or he'll not mind you—why, girl, he's been stark stage mad, ever since we had the company of strollers performing in the old barn, and gives all his orders in the language of your theatre folk; and obliges his company, as he calls us servants, to assemble every day in the kitchen, to hear his spouting nonsense. [Bell rings.]

Maid. Coming, Sir.

Waiter. Fly, Dolly, fly! [Exit Maid.]

Here struts the old spouting publican, (frowning like the Black Bear over his door.)

Enter LANDLORD with a very large bowl in his hand.

Landlord. Here, Thomas, step with this “Beverage for the Gods.”

Waiter. “Beverage for the Gods!”

Landlord. Ay, carry this nectar to the company in the upper region.

Waiter. My upper region, Sir, don't comprehend you.

Landlord. Blockhead, I mean step with this bowl of punch to the company in the gallery room, two pair of stairs; and then carry a bottle of port to the gentlemen in the stage box.

Waiter. O! to the gentleman's gentleman on the box of the stage coach at the door.

Landlord. No, numpskull! the stage box, O. P. that's your cue.

Waiter. Zounds, Sir,—I never learnt such P's and Q's in my life! what the duce do you mean?

Landlord. Mean!—why, carry this wine, to be sure,

sure, to the gentlemen in the little room with the bow window, opposite the pump.

Waiter. Stage box!—bow window!—O. P. opposite pump!—mercy upon us!

Landlord. The stupid scene shifter!

[*The bar-bell rings violently.*]

"Silence that dreadful bell!" what an infernal noise—as Othello says, "Shaos is come again!"

Waiter. Chaise horse!—yes, Sir, old founder'd Dobbin is just led home by the ostler.

[*Exit Waiter.*]

Landlord. "Off with his 'head—so much for Dobbin!"

[*Bell rings.*]

The cursed clapper of that bell is, if possible, worse than even that of my wife. "I'll forth and walk awhile."

Enter LANDLADY.

Landlady. Walk!—the man's mad!—I say, run.

Landlord. (*Musing*) Suppose I should become a great actor in London, what character shall I play in the *Merchant of Venice*.

Landlady. The Jew looking gentlemen in the parlour has been calling this half hour for pork chops!

Landlord. Ay, Shylock, the Jew, thou shalt be my debut.

Landlady. I your butt!

Landlord. "Innocent foul!—she knows nothing, and won't be learnt."

[*Aside.*]

Landlady. Why don't you stir!—the fat lady who came in the stage, has just fainted away for want of the brandy she ordered.

Enter WAITER.

Landlord. The stage !—" Run, Scrub, for any cordial water." [*In an effeminate voice.*

Waiter. I am no Scrub, Sir !

Landlady. 'Tis brandy, I tell you, the lady wants. [*Exit Waiter.*

Landlord. " I'll charge them high with brandy !" [*Sings.*

Landlady. She won't mind what you charge.

Landlord. I'll next play *Romeo*.

Landlady. I'll play the devil if you don't attend to you business—there's the maimed sailor, that you have suffered to loiter about the house these three days, is a downright leveller.

Landlord. A leveller !—" angels and ministers of grace defend us !"

Landlady. Yes, a leveller—for the cook did but just place the round of corned beef in the kitchen window, and from the yard he lowered it down to the edge of the dish in five minutes !

[*Shewing a large carving knife.*

Landlord. " Is this a dagger that I see before me ?"

Landlady. No—'tis the very knife he levelled the beef with, I caught him in the fact.

Landlord. " I'll chace the villain through the world." [*Exit.*

Landlady. Hunt him from about our house, and it will be sufficient. [*Exit.*

[*Room bell rings.*

Enter DASHLEY.

Dashley. This is the strangest inn I ever entered—every body running about, and yet no attendance

dance given! [A great noise without.
Zounds!—the whole posse are coming at once,

Enter LANDLORD and servants, pulling in NIMBLE, dressed as a Sailor, with a wooden leg, and disguise wig.

Landlord. “Dare but to lift your red right arm!”

Nimble. That I will—and my left too, if you don’t loose your grapples from my quarters.

Dashley. Hey day!—what’s the cause of this outrage?

Nimble. Mr. Dashley, by all that’s comical! now impudence and invention assist me, to prevent a discovery!— [Aside,

Landlord. “This outrage, great potentate!”

Dashley. Great potentate!

Nimble. The man has unshipped the rudder of his understanding.

Landlord. I mean, worthy Sir, this wooden-legged fellow, has just now borne down on, and *vi et armis*, assailed, wounded, and devoured, certain provisions, the goods, chattels and property of me, Timothy Truncheon—but, “by holy Paul!”

Dashley. Patience!

Landlord. Patience!—“preach it to the winds!”

Dashley. What do you say to his charge, friend?

Nimble. I have no objection to his charge, your honour, so he brings me no bill.

Dashley. Give me an account of yourself—where was you born?

Nimble. Pretty far north.

Landlord. “What does he in the north, when he should serve his sovereign in the west?”

Dashley. In what place?

Nimble. Newcastle, in old England.

Dasbley. And your parents?

Nimble. People of renown—they made some noise in the world, I assure you.

Dasbley. Noise.

Nimble. Yes, your honour, for my father was a tinker, and my mother sung ballads; but both dying, I was sent to the parish work-house, where my master, instead of letting me hammer my brains over a horn book, kept me close to beating hemp.

Landlord. "Would he had placed it round your neck!"

Nimble. Damme, if I had you at the gangway, but I'd place a round dozen on your back.

Dasbley. Never mind him, friend—the landlord means no harm—he is a dealer in scraps of plays.

Landlord. "A king of shreds and patches!"

Dasbley. Go on, friend—beating hemp was a hard task.

Nimble. Quite easy—I only laboured twelve hours in the day, had my board for nothing, besides a board to lie on.

Landlord. Yes, and you thought to have had your board here too, for nothing, "base beef-eater."

Nimble. I was then bound apprentice to a blacksmith.

Landlord. "O, the Cyclops!"

Dasbley. That was worse and worse!

Nimble. No, better and better—the heat of the forge kept me warm. I wanted no clothes even in winter, and on a Sunday I had my liberty.

Dasbley. That was a happiness!

Nimble. A very great misfortune; for one Sunday morning, passing over a field, I plumped on a partridge, and being naturally a bit of a sportsman, I threw myself flat upon it, and was bringing it
3 away,

away, when I was seized by the Lord of the Manor.

Landlord. " Shall Lords and Commons in their wisdom assemble in Parliament, to make laws about hares and partridges, only to be laughed at? —Abominable!"

Nimble. Tried at the sessions, convicted of not being worth 100 pounds a year, and sent up to Newgate to be transported.

Landlord. " Garnish—Captain, Garnish!"

Dasbley. That was truly distressing!

Nimble. Not in the least—I ate, drank, and did nothing for six months.

Dasbley. A long time.

Nimble. It appeared very short—I was at length shipped, with others, for the plantations.

Dasbley. What a cause of sadness.

Landlord. " 'Twas pitiful!—'twas wond'rous pitiful!"

Nimble. No—'twas neither sad or pitiful; for the sea-air agreed with me, and I laughed and sung the whole voyage—I served my time out, and then joyfully worked my passage home.

Landlord. " 'Twas strange!—'twas passing strange!"

Nimble. Strange!—damme, why was it strange that I should wish to return to old England, where I had spent the former part of my life so very comfortably.

Dasbley. Then your wish was gratified.

Nimble. Much disappointed; for, on landing, I was taken by a press-gang, and again carried before a justice.

Dasbley. Cruel!

Nimble. Very kind; for he let me enter for a soldier—I lost the comrade of this leg at the siege of Calvi,

Landlord. "Come to my arms thou prince of Heroes." [*embraces him.*]

Nimble. Zounds !—I tell you, you are mad,—I was then, your honour, put on board a transport, to be sent home.

Dashley. Poor fellow !

Nimble. Rich rogue ! for I had all my pay in my pocket,

Landlord. "I'm now not worth fifty ducats in the world !"

Waiter. What a confounded falsehood ! I saw him receive fifty guineas this morning at the bar !

[*Aside. Exit.*]

Dashley. Your having your whole pay in your pocket was lucky.

Nimble. Devilish unlucky ! for our vessel was captured by a French frigate—The Monfieurs took my money, and lodged me in a prison.

Landlord. "Behold these fetters !"

Dashley. Your cause was singular.

Nimble. Not at all ; for my companions were in the same situation.

Dashley. Then you despaired.

Nimble. No ; my courage rose—So, one night I got up and cut the French sentry down.

Landlord. Ay, ay, nobody doubts your ability at cutting—witness my poor round of beef.

Nimble. So, egad, your honour, I got off, stole a boat, launched out to sea, and was soon after taken up by an English privateer.

Dashley. How fortunate !

Nimble. Quite the reverse !—for she was speedily wrecked on the coast of Cornwall, and I was thrown on shore almost frozen to death, and starved with hunger.

Dashley. Miserable predicament !

Nimble. Not so bad, neither ; for I was happily seized

seized with a violent fever, which not only kept me warm, but fortunately took away my appetite.

Dasbley. Ha, ha, ha!

Nimble. I soon recovered, and have hobbled thus far to salute my old master of the work-house, shake hands with the blacksmith, thank the justice, attack my landlord's larder, make my bow to your honour, and hope you will enable me to drink success to the British arms.

Dasbley. What a happy disposition! here, friend, are my thanks for your narrative [*gives him money*] which will at least remove your present difficulties. Landlord, you need not wait.

[*Nimble takes off the leg.*]

Landlord. "I attend your Highnesses's pleasure"
—I mean, coming Sir. [*Exit.*]

Nimble. The same generous creature I ever knew him; always ready to administer to the supposed wants of others, though now destitute of the means to answer the real claims of his own. A thought strikes me, which I'll communicate to him—but first I'll wet my imagination—here, Waiter!

Enter WAITER.

Your bill, a bottle, and change for a new guinea; but bring the old wine first.

Waiter. Wine!

Nimble. Yes, wine. I am naturally warm, fellow, and water don't agree with me.

Waiter. Fellow! you make very free!

Nimble. I shall make still freer, rascal, and kick you down the cellar stairs, if you don't instantly obey.

Waiter. Indeed I will not.

Nimble. Indeed but you shall,

Waiter. Confound me if I do.

Nimble.

Nimble. You won't !

Waiter. No, I won't.

Nimble. Then I'll make you—take that and that ! [*Kicks the Waiter with his wooden leg, which falls off, he still follows--the Waiter seems much amazed.*]

Waiter. O, Lord, I'm contending with the devil ; murder ! fire ! thieves ! rape !

[*Runs out.*]

Enter DASHLEY.

Dashley. 'Sdeath, what new cause of alarm !

Dashley. (*Seeing Nimble*) Hey day ! friend, you have suddenly recovered your lost leg from Calvi. This fellow's an impudent impostor ?

Nimble. I admit the impudence, but deny the impostorship---I only have done, what, I believe, Sir, you yourself would have no objection to do.

Dashley. And pray, my pretty gentleman, what may that be ?

Nimble. To fell your own timber. [*pointing to the wooden leg.*]

Dashley. I think it will be your fate to swing on some before long. Here, Waiter, step for a constable.

Nimble. For heaven's sake, Mr. Dashley, have patience a moment, I have something that nearly concerns your interest to communicate.

Dashley. You know me, it seems.

Nimble. Perfectly. (*pulls off his wig.*)

Dashley. Nimble, my old faithful valet de chambre !

Nimble. The same.

Dashley. Why this disguise ?

Nimble. Like the rest of mankind, to obtain the object of my wishes---mine at present is matrimony.

Dashley,

Dasbley. You have chosen a strange wedding suit.

Nimble. 'Tis to suit a strange wedding. Briefly then, Sir, since your necessities obliged you to brush your own coat, I have been in Wales, where I introduced myself to a young Cambro 'Squire rough as a goat, and uncultivated as his own native mountains.

Dasbley. And you have been the leader of this hopeful sheep, I suppose?

Nimble. Yes, I was his bell-weather. His father, and that of a young lady, resolved to unite estates by the marriage of the young folks at a certain age; but the old gentlemen both dying soon after the destined couple have not seen each other some years.

Dasbley. And the lady!

Nimble. A charming creature!--has been brought up by an old maiden aunt---who lives hard by here.---The young Welchman is expected every moment, and his uncle, the Gout Doctor.

Dasbley. Gout Doctor!

Nimble. Yes, Sir; the well known Empirick, who has the impudence to recommend his nostrum for the cure of the gout, at the very time he is himself a martyr to it---This incurable curer is soon looked for from town to witness the union of his nephew with the rich young heiress.

Dasbley. An heiress!

Nimble. Worth at least thirty thousand pounds! so, having a particular friendship for the young man, I intend doing him the honour of becoming one of his family.

Dasbley. How?

Nimble. By marrying the aunt, at the same time he is united to the niece.

Dasbley. Indeed!

Nimble. Upon my veracity: For which purpose

pose I posted here ;---by means of this habit gained the necessary intelligence, and intended meeting Squire Skiken Ap Lloyd in the character of his physical uncle (whom he never saw) and as such, visit the ladies with him, trusting to my extreme modesty for the rest.

Dasbley. Ha, ha, ha ! if consummate impudence can insure success, thou art certain of it ; but how am I interested ?

Nimble. Why, Sir, I am inclined to think the young lady would prefer a person of your figure and accomplishments to this lout of a squire, and to a gentleman in your present circumstances, I believe a beautiful girl, with a good fortune, will be no contemptible object.

Dasbley. I understand your hint.

Nimble. Or if you prefer it, Sir, you shall take the old lady, I the young one.

Dasbley. Ha, ha, ha ! I am obliged to you truly. Your description of the young lady, to be sure, has its attractions---but how could I gain admittance ?

Nimble. Say no more---her aunt, Miss Caroline Crochet, affects to be passionately fond of music ; and though really ignorant of the science, is forever larding her conversation with its terms, which she, in general, most ridiculously mispronounces.

Dasbley. A whimsical character !

Nimble. Her niece, Florella, possesses much skill in the sister art---To the former, my doctorship can introduce you, if you please, as a musical cognoscenti ; to the latter as an amateur in painting.

Dasbley. You must excuse me---my necessities shall never induce me to degrade the character of a gentleman into that of a fortune-hunter, not but
I should

I should like to mark the progress of your extreme modesty.

Nimble. Which is much at your service---come, you must go---that dress will do exceeding well for you---but I must somehow or other procure one, in which to represent the physical uncle.

Dashley. Upon my honour, friend Nimble, you are a very capital actor.

Enter LANDLORD.

Landlord. Is he? Then he shall cut the beef again as long as he pleases.

Dashley. You are partial to dramatic amusements, Landlord. [Exit.]

Landlord. Yes; I had prodigious clever company lately performing in my barn---fine jolly dogs!---they run up a bill of forty pounds in less than a month, when they come back I am to play Horatio for them; I'll tickle up the ladies with "were you, ye fair"---They left their wardrobe behind though, to pay their bill.

Nimble. I'm devilish glad of it!

Landlord. I'm very much beholden to you.

Nimble. I mean, because you can accomodate me with a dress.

Landlord. That I can, Spanish, Turkish, or Roman---you shall have the very laced jacket, and bag wig, in which I played *Cato*.

Nimble. No-- I'm for every thing English---besides, 'tis for a part in a little Comedy I want it.

Landlord. I wish it had been a Tragedy with all my soul---then I could have enacted the principal character for you. Romeo, Hamlet, Richard the Third, Alexander the Great, Julius Cæsar, Mark Anthony, Macbeth, Cleopatra, or any other of the old Grecian Heroes; but where is the Theatre?

Nimble.

Nimble. O, the scene of action is not far distant.

Landlord. Then for the dressing-room "with what appetite you may."

Nimble. But zounds! where's my leg all this time?

Landlord. Which of them? for you seem to have three.

Nimble. O, here it is.

Landlord. What, this a theatrical frolic too, eh?
(takes it up.)

Nimble. You are right, and heartily welcome to the limb in lieu of my bill. Place it among your other stage properties; but gratitude obliges me to request you'll take particular care of my old wooden friend, to whom I have been so much indebted for my support.

[Exit Nimble.]

Landlord. Now for my soliloquy.

"Were you, ye fair but cautious"---[bell rings]
coming! coming!

[Exit hastily.]

SCENE II. *Another apartment at the Inn.*

Enter PADDY O'SHAUGHNASY booted, &c.
[running.]

Paddy. Help! help! Tunder a nouns, is there no living soul in the house dead or alive?

Enter LANDLADY.

Arrah, my jewel, help! or my poor master will be smothered.

Landlady. Your master---who is he, friend!

Paddy. Squire Shenkin O'Lloyd of Landwelling Hall, near Penmaemaws, in Wales---He is descended

scended from all the O'Jones's, O'Evans's, O'Thomas's, O'Reeces's, O'Williams's, O'Davids's, O'Morgans's, O'Lloyd's——

Landlady. Take breath.

Paddy. O'Wilkins's, O'Edwards's, O'Shenkins's, O'Floyds's, O'Wynns's, O'Glynn's, O'Morrice's, O'Griffith's, O'Davis's, O'Owen's, O——Murder.

Landlady. And you are——

Paddy. As anciently descended as he is ; for St. Patrick's first cousin, by my mother's side, was the head of my family.

Landlady. And you are the tail of it, I suppose ?

Paddy. Faith, my jewel, Paddy O'Shaughnasty won't quarrel with you for that ; for the last, you know, of a family, has precedence of all that lived before him.

Landlady. Ha, ha, ha ! what could induce a Welch gentleman to take such an Irish blunderer for his servant ?

Paddy. Blunderer ! is it about precedence you mean ? upon my faith, honey, you are blundering yourself if you think so---for reckon genealogy backwards, my dear, and you'll find that the tail of a family, as you call it, always stands *first*—that's no bull I believe.

Landlady. But where is your master ?

Paddy. Upon my soul, honey, I had forgot him ---he now lies, poor dear gentleman, kicking and sprawling on his back, in as deep a quagmire in the road as you would wish to clap your two good looking eyes upon.

Landlady. How came he there ?

Paddy. Why, as I and him were galloping on together, one after another---thinking of nothing at all, at all, turning round the cursed sharp corner of the lane, he rode plump against a sweet young creature

creature on horseback, and fouse they both fell into the mud ; my poor devil of a master strangely fell undermost ; the lady is all over in a *flusteration*—and so, her companion, or mother, has sent me, d'ye see, to bring assistance without a moment's loss of time, to draw them out.

Landlady. A lady said you ? Here, Waiter---an accident has happened on the road---order the ostler immediately to put four horses to a chaise, and bring the gentry here.

Paddy. A chaise and four ! upon my soul, honey, the place is so near, that the horses' noses will be over their faces before the carriage is out of the yard.

Landlady. At all events 'tis a clear five shillings for putting to. *[Aside.*

Paddy. Arrah, my dear, you may save yourself the trouble---for here they come.

Landlady. Madam Florella and her aunt, Miss Caroline Crotchet, as I live ! *[Exit.*

Enter LANDLORD, shewing in company.

Landlord. Here's company---“ more lights, ye knaves, and turn the tables.”

Enter DASHLEY, LANDLADY, &c. leading in FLORELLA and Miss CROTCHET.

Dashley. Chairs instantly---please to be seated, ladies---I hope, Madam, you have sustained no material injury.

Florella. No, Sir ; the only ill effects I feel arise from the fright.

Landlady. You had better, Madam, take a thimble-full of something comfortable, to revive your spirits.

Florella.

Florella. A glass of water, if you please.

Miss Crotchet. I'll take your advice---Mrs. What-d'ye-call-em, for my apprehensions have nearly *discord* the *harmonicals* of my delicate system.---(takes a glass).

Landlord. "There's poison in the cup" (*Landlady stops him from proceeding.*)

Miss Crotchet. I should have suffered less had I fallen too.

Enter SHINKEN, with his cloaths dirty.

Shinken. Put as Cot is hur life, hur should have suffert much more---an't by this time have shook hants with hur ancestors in the other 'orld.---Here, Waiter, pring her a prush and pumper of pranty.

Miss Crotchet. Florella, why don't you thank the gentleman in a *dolce maunti* stile for his *fu-gue* to rescue you from the *confurio* of the accident?

Florella. I am truly sensible, aunt, of the gentleman's polite attention in extricating me from the awkward situation in which I felt myself.

Miss Crotchet. Awkward indeed, child! Had you been a less principal performer in the tumbling duetto, it would have afforded a fine study from nature, for your own pencil---the wanton wind sported so *ad rippitum* with your drapery.

Florella. Indeed, aunt, you bring my figure too forward on the canvas, and your colouring is so high, that you make me blush.

Dashley. I ought rather to blush, Ma'am, for not having flown to your assistance time enough to prevent your losing your seat.

Miss Crotchet. A *fine-ale* to your compliments.

Landlord. Fine ale! no better brewed in England.

C

Miss

Miss Crotchet. Her situation was *assit-u-oso*, your conduct, Sir, *amoroso*, that of her intended *sposa* there, the *bass confitinta* to the whole movement.

Dasbley. Her husband! heaven forbid! (*Aside.*)

Sbinken. Pless her soul! and hur poty, hur has cot the worst of the mischance, mishap, and misfortune, without coming in for even a morsel or mite of the pity.

Enter PADDY.

Paddy. The chaise and four is waiting at the door to carry back the ladies out of the mud.

Landlord. "A downright Teague by this light!"

Sbinken. The tevil and his tam, you knave! a chaise and four! who coult orter it?

Paddy. The good soul of the inn.

Sbinken. Then let the coot soul of the inn pay hurself out of hur own pocket, look you now.

Dasbley. Give me leave to settle that matter.

Miss Crotchet. By no means, Sir---Mr. Shinken Ap Lloyd, let your servant lead our horses round, while we walk *and rante*, and you accompany us through the grove to Crotchet Lodge, in a true *largo movement*---good morning to you, Sir. (*to Dasbley*) Come, Florella!

Sbinken. Hur is a mountain cote, if hur pudges a step till hur cravings are satisfied, and hur is cot out of this plaguy pickle. Here, Patty, take hur Welch Wig, and pring in hur portmanteau.

Florella. What a creature have my parents selected for my husband! (*Aside.*)

Miss Crotchet. Was ever such a brute!

Sbinken. Prute! Why can't the shentleman there, squire you and my prite, that is to be, home, while hur makes hurself a little comfortable here---will you be so kint, Sir?

Dasbley.

Dashley. With all my soul, Sir---you may rely upon my attention to the lady.

Miss Crotchet. The bumpkin knows no more of politeness than he does of the *gam-at*!

Florella. Surely you cannot be so weak as to suffer-----

Shinken. No---no---hur tont fint hurself much hurt---hur sufferings will soon pe over---lean on the shentleman's arm, prite.

Dashley. Do me the honour, ladies, to follow the gentleman's advice.

Miss Crotchet. You are so polite, Sir, there is no refusing your obliging offer.

Shinken. Thank you, thank you, kintly---pray, friend, what is your name?

Dashley. Dashley, at your service.

Shinken. Why then, Mr. Tashley, hur will do as much for you, the first time hur fints you going to be married, flung in the tirt, and tiert with a long journey.

Miss Crotchet. (Well, positively, Florella, you shall never mount that wicked horse of your's again; he gallops with too much *consprito*---I would not give a *min-bum* for a sett of them---you shall for the future, ride my poney, that canters *all-leg-o-mannon tripo*, and I'll sport my gig.

Florella. Your poney, Madam!---why, it is not bigger than a good sized Newfoundland dog.

Miss Crotchet. *Pye-ano*, child---*pye-ano*---would you believe it, Sir, the dear little *doll-see* creature, though only ten hands and an inch high, carries me like an infant?---And though he trots rather rough on the stones, yet is little feet trip over the turf, like Dr. Dumplin's fingers over the keys of a harpsichord.)

Dashley. This way, ladies, if you please.

Shinken. Coot py---take care of the 'omen---

Here, Patty, why the tevil tont you bring hur travelling poot-jack and hur portable shaving tackle? why, Patty, you blockheat!

[Exit Daffley and Ladies; Shinken and Paddy on the opposite side.]

Landlord. Now there's a clear stage, and I may proceed uninterrupted with my soliloquy.

"Were you, ye fair, but cautious (*bell rings*) but cautious---(*bell rings*) whom ye trust."

Noise of the bells increasing, he raises his voice, and exits almost in a frenzy.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT

A C T II.

SCENE I. *The Kitchen of the Inn.*

*The Servants (men and women) seated at a large table
---liquors placed on it---The LANDLORD standing.*

SERVANTS.

HA, ha, ha!

Landlord. "Most potent, grave, and reverend Signiors"---Now you must suppose me to be a great black.

Servants. We do---we do.

Landlord. "That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter---It is most true."

Boots. The devil it is! taken away my daughter! Then you must be a black indeed!

Landlord. Silence, I say---"True, I have married her."

Boots. Worse and worse! ecod, Maister Truncheon, I'll tell mistress what you say.

Landlord. Fat Margery, stop that cursed old Boots's mouth. Zounds! that fellow puts me quite out---where was I?---Oh!

"Rude am I in speech."

Enter Boy.

Boy. The farmers in the front parlour want to know what's to pay.

Landlord. Tell mine hostess boy.

"Rude am I in speech."

C 3

Boy.

Boy. Sir, Sir !

Landlord. Get out, you little yelping cur (*strikes him.*)

"Hence! Avaunt! Cassio shall have my place."

Boy. (*Frightened*) Master's mad! [*Exit.*]

"Rude am I in speech.

"And little blest with the soft phrase of peace!"

[*Margery seems to weep*] poor tender soul, I have touched her fine feelings! see how she melts! Ostler, put the tankard to her mouth---that guzzling fellow always keeps the ale before him---who comes here? Ah! Mr. Nimble full drest! "here break we off" *Exeunt omnes*, that is, go about your business. [*Exit Servants.*]

Enter NIMBLE, dressed as Doctor CHRONIC, his hands and feet wrapt in flannels.

Landlord. Ha, ha, ha!---"Dress to be sure, David, does make a difference."

Nimble. David! call me Doctor Chronic, or I'll make worm's meat of you.

[*Holding up his stick.*]

Landlord. Egad, that would be acting like a Doctor indeed. But remember your promise---I am to have "a peep behind the curtain," at night.

Nimble. Yes, and have a curtain-lecture in the morning, or I am mistaken, from my Landlady.

[*Aside.*]

Landlord. Ah! you have doubtless had your name in a bill many times before now.

Nimble. In a thousand---but never once in one with a receipt to it.

[*Aside.*]

Landlord. Raptures! At the top of a play-bill, perhaps.

Nimble. I wish you was at the bottom of the sea.

Landlord. "Give me leave---here lies the water
- -good

---good ; here stands the man---good---if the man go to this water, and drown himself."

Nimble. Damme, hang yourself---I tell you I am in a violent hurry.

Landlord. "Wifely and slow---they stumble that run fast!" [Exit strutting.

Nimble. Now for the musical Miss Crochet! Ha, ha, ha! I appear rather a comical figure for a lover, to be sure ; no matter, thus swaddled in flannels, the lady can't doubt the warmth of my affections! (But where the duce is Mr. Dashley? he is so particular, that I suppose he'll not go to the Lodge without a pressing invitation.) Zounds! here comes Squire Shinken---now for a specimen, under this disguise, of my mock relationship, and assumed physical consequence. [*assumes lameness.*]

Enter SHINKEN.

So, scoundrel, you are here I find before me.

Shinken. Hur must pe a mite, or a orm, or a caterpillar insect, inteet, to pe pehint such a cripple. But who the tevil are you?

Nimble. I'll cripple you, you rascal! don't you know your own natural uncle; as famous for the mildness of his temper, as his skill in curing the gout?

Shinken. Ha, ha, ha! you hur uncle, Doctor Chronic! As Cot is hur life, look you now, hur is proke down, just like hur poor old Tonkey Jack at Lantwelling-Hall, not a foot to stand on!

Nimble. I'll make you stand on your head before I've done with you. Here's an impudent dog! compares a Doctor to an Ass.

Shinken. Hur tit not intent to offent.

Nimble. Well, Scapegrace, attend me to the lady's

lady's house; I have brought down with me a very clever young gentleman, a Mr. Dashley.

Skinken. Py Caractacus, the fery shentleman, uncle, who is gone home with her prite, that is to pe.

Nimble. The devil he is! Well done, modest Mr. Dashley! [*aside*] Come, Sir, let me lean on your shoulder, and lead the way.

Skinken. If hur pleases, hur woul't prefer walking pehint.

Nimble. Why so, firrah?

Skinken. Pecause her has peen untermoſt to-tay already, ſo that, in caſe of another tumble, hur is reſolv't to be uppermoſt for once, py way of ſa-riety, look you.

Nimble. You undutiſul young rogue! If I did trip up your heels, rascal, many of your betters have fallen under the weight of phyſical profundity. Come, Sir, follow me, then, to Crotchet Lodge.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter the LANDLORD, (as if he had been liſtning.)

Landlord. To the Lodge! ho, ho! "Come you near me now, Hall?"---So the play is at Madam Crotchet's after all---"Princes to act and Monarchs to behold the ſwelling ſcene."---egad, I'll make one amongſt them before the night's performance, or my name is not Timothy Truncheon. Hey day! Mr. Nimble returned ſo ſoon.

Enter Doctor CHRONIC, dressed the ſame as NIMBLE.

Chronic. I am more fatigued with my journey, than if I had attended the whole circle of my patients.---Landlord! Landlord!

Landlord. "What ſays my beau in buſkins?"

Chronic.

Chronic. Umph ! a pretty modest salutation this to a stranger, and a new title for a gentleman in swanskin bandages !

Landlord. What brought you here, Mr. Nimble ?

Chronic. Nimble ! Do you jest with my infirmities, fellow ! Remember ! [*bolds up his stick.*]

Landlord. I do---I do---I should have called you Doctor Chronic.

Chronic. That's my name.

Landlord. I know it is, till the Comedy's over.
[*Aside.*

Chronic. How the fame of a great man travels before him !

Landlord. But where is your companion ?

Chronic. My crutch I suppose he means. [*Aside.*

Landlord. I thought you had been on your way to Miss Caroline Crotchet's.

Chronic. This fellow knows where I'm going too ! order me a post-chaise directly.

Landlord. Post-chaise ! would not a cart be more in character ?

Chronic. A cart !

Landlord. Yes ; as you would then ride like Thespis himself. "What ho ! harness white Surrey" to the beer-car.

Chronic. Had I my carbine here, I'd blow your brains out, you impudent knave.

Landlord. Knave ! "good name in man and woman, dear, my Lord, is the immediate jewel of the soul."

Chronic. (Soul !

Landlord. Yes ; and you'll say I'm a good soul, by and bye ; for I am resolved you shall make a triumphant entry into Crotchet Lodge, like Alexander the Great into Babylon.)

Chronic. If you don't instantly order a chaise to the door, and hold your peace, (you shall make
your

your exit, like a little scoundrel, into the other world.)

Landlord. "In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man, as modest stillness and humility: But when the blast of war blows in our ears." Damme, you shall have the chaise, and I'll go with you.

Chronic. The devil you will!

Landlord. Yes, I will; for I long to see you rehearse.

Chronic. Practice, he means.

Landlord. But I suppose you know that you are liable to be taken up as a rogue, and committed as a vagabond?

Chronic. Who, I?

Landlord. Yes, you---unless you get a licence from the Magistrates for performing.

Chronic. Blockhead! I have long been honoured as a licentiate.

Landlord. I'm glad of it; ah! I always thought you was an old stager.

Chronic. Old stager! no---The fellow takes me for a Mountebank, I'll quit his house directly.

[*Exit bobbling.*]

Landlord. Ha! Gone! "You shall not fly so fast as I'll pursue." "A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!"

[*Exit running.*]

SCENE II. *An apartment in Crotchet Lodge.*

Enter THISBE, shewing in NIMBLE as Doctor CHRONIC, (SHINKEN following.)

Thisbe. This way, Sir---My lady is dressing at present, but will wait on you in a few minutes.

Nimble. Upon my soul, a charming girl!
(*nephew*)

(nephew, take a turn in the hall---do you hear, firrah ?

Shinken. Hur is coing. Ecod, hur fints the cout has not affected the old shentleman's liquorish tooth however.) [Exit.

Nimble. You are very young, child.

Thisbe. I'm old enough, Sir, not to tell my age.

Nimble. And as smart, my dear, as you are pretty.

Thisbe. I am sorry I can't return the compliment.

Nimble. But you can give me a kifs, you little smiling rogue, which will be more acceptable.

Thisbe. O! Lord, Sir! kissing is a prohibited article in this house.

Nimble. Then I'll commence smuggler immediately---[offers to kifs her.]

MUSICAL DIALOGUE.

THISBE.

Pray, Sir, forbear, nor dare intrude,
Such hobbling swains should ne'er be rude;
To kifs a maid, kifs a maid is pa, paw,
To kifs a maid, kifs a maid, Sir, is pa, paw.

Nimble. Those sparklers tell you're no such prude,
Pray then kifs a me, kifs a me---no---pa, paw,
Pray then kifs a me, kifs a me---you won't---pa, paw.

Thisbe. In vain you strive, good Sir, retreat,
Dear, how my little heart does beat!
Pit a pat, pit a pat, pat---O law!
Pit, pit a pat, a pit a pat, a pat---O law!

Nimble. Feel, so does mine---it is your's to greet,
With a pit a pat, a pit a pat, a pat, O law!
With a pit a pat, a pit a pat, a pat, O law!

Thisbe. Dear me, begone! I'll scream, I vow,
A footstep, hark, I hear it now;
A-lack-a-day, a-lack-a-day, you shan't, pshaw!
A-lack-a-day, a-lack-a-day, you shall not, pshaw!

Nimble.

Nimble. I would, but faith I can't tell how,
With my lack-a-day, lack-a-day, pray do, pshaw !
With my lack-a-day, well-a-day, I pray do, pshaw ! *

(She screams, and running out meets DASHLEY, who catches her in his arms, and kisses her as she exits.)

Dashley. (Ah ! Nimble in this disguise---my dear fellow, I am so happy.

Nimble. At having robbed me of the sweets of the girl's lips, I suppose.

Dashley. No, faith ; but at my favourable reception here. The old lady insists on my staying to a concert this evening, and her lovely niece has given me pretty broad hints of her aversion to the intended marriage with Squire Shinken Ap Lloyd.

Nimble. Hush ! here he comes.

Enter SHINKEN.

Shinken. Ah ! hur coot frient---hur prought the laties safe home, hur fints ; hur just met hur intetet prite ; hur seems much beholten to you---an't truly so am I.

Dashley. Not in the least, I assure you.

Shinken. Hur sent me away rather crossly and apruptly, ant is coing to hur paintings, and hur prushes, ant hur pencils, do co and try to pring hur into a petter humour.

Dashley. With the greatest pleasure---But won't the young lady deem it an intrusion ?

Shinken. Never you mint that,--tell hur I be-seecht, intreatet, and insiset on your coming.

Dashley. I will---I will instantly---This is beyond my hopes. *(aside.)* [Exit.

* The above words were adapted to the music of a kind of Chinese Air, as remarkable for its monosyllables as whimsicality. The indulgent reader will, therefore, pardon their want of poetical merit.

Shinkin.

Shinken. What a contescension and affapility for so fery fine a shentleman !

Nimble. Yes, he always took after me.

Shinken. I dare say hur will somehow contrive to pring hur out of hur melancholic.

Nimble. That he will---I'll answer for him.)

Enter FOOTMAN.

Footman. My lady will be happy to see Doctor Chronic in the drawing-room.

Shinken. (And hur will co see what cattle they have cot in the staple.---Hur is tolt the horses names are all plac'd in the stalls, like those of the Knight's in King Edward's chapel in Westminster Appy.) [Exit.

Nimble. Now for my tender lambkin ! If she is not quite so young and handsome as Mr. Dashley's ---I have at least the consolation to know that her fleece is better worth shearing. [Exit.

SCENE II. *An elegant Drawing-room.*

Miss CROTCHET dress'd, and seated on a sophy with some Music in her hand, a harp near her, *THISBE* waiting.

Miss Crotchet. Is Signor Taffini come ?

Thisbe. Who, Madam ?

Miss Crotchet. My music-master, duncce.

Thisbe. O ! old Taffy, the blind harper---He is below, Madam, playing "Rule Britannia" to the maids in the kitchen.

Miss Crotchet. Let him be told that I am prevented from taking a lesson, but that I shall want him to perform in my *orchester* this evening.

Thisbe. Yes, Ma'am.

Miss Crotchet. Desire Daniel, the groom, to get the cracked French horn soldered ; and Peter, the coachman, to have a new sounding post put to his cry-moan-o.

Thisbe. I will, Madam.

Miss Crotchet. Let some one inform the wild-beast man that I shall want a *solus* on his trumpet, between the acts, and likewise to accompany me in the "Soldier Tired." [*bums a part of it.*]

Thisbe. It shall be done, Madam.

Miss Crotchet. And let his one-armed son also attend, to beat the double drum. [*Exit Thisbe.*]

I am resolved to give the Doctor and his friend a specimen of my scientific taste, which cannot fail to enrapture their musical ears, as the Poet says, with "long cords of sweet sounds."

Enter THISBE and NIMBLE.

Thisbe. The gentleman, Madam.

Miss Crotchet. Doctor Chronic, I am happy to see you at Crotchet Lodge, the harmonic seat of the muses.

Nimble. The happiness is mine, Madam.

Miss Crotchet. (I hope you will excuse the disorder in which you find me—I was just casting my eye over the score of a few notes of my own composition.

Nimble. Notes ! I should prefer a single one with the sterling name of Abraham Newland, to a waggon load of them.) [*Aside.*]

Miss Crotchet. Would you chuse a little refreshment, Sir, after your journey ?

Nimble. If you please, Madam.

Miss Crotchet. *Thisbe*, chocolate immediately.

Nimble. Ah ! you wicked little devil !—

[*Aside to Thisbe, as she exits.*]

Miss

Miss Crotchet. Pray, Sir, be seated.

Nimble. Under the tuition of so able a cognoscenti as your Ladyship, Miss Florella is doubtless, a capital musician.

Miss Crotchet. Quite the reverse, Sir; in point of music, she is a perfect natural. She does not know E flat from D sharp.

Nimble. What a misfortune!

Miss Crotchet. *Me-tasso!* would you believe it, Doctor, she employs her whole time in painting ripe fruit, fading flowers, old women, and other pieces of still life!

Nimble. What a perversion of taste!

Miss Crotchet. So I often tell her—If you must exercise your pencil, says I, why don't you paint me the character of St. *Cicely*, to place in the front of our organ?

Nimble. What a charming thought!

Miss Crotchet. You play, I presume, Doctor, on my instrument.—(*Points to her harp.*)

Nimble. I did a little when I was a boy—on the jews-harp.

Miss Crotchet. But you sing Doctor, I am certain by that *concordical* face of yours.

Nimble. Really Miss you over rate my abilities.

Miss Crotchet. You are too modest—come you must warble me one little tender air.

Nimble. What shall I do, egad I'll try, any cursed nonsense will pass current with her. [*Aside.*]

A SONG*.

There was a little woman as I've heard tell,

Fal de ral, lal, lal, lal, de dee.

She went to the market her eggs for to sell, Fal de ral, &c.

She went to the market all on a market day, Fal lal dee, &c.

And she fell asleep on the king's highway, Fal de lal, &c.

* The above very old Song was introduced on the fourth representation of the Farce, the great success it met with will, it is hoped, apologize for its insertion here.

There

There came by a pedlar whose name it was Stout, Fal de, &c.
 And he cut her pettycoats all round about, Fal de ral, &c.
 He cut her pettycoats up to her knees, Fal lal de, &c.
 Till this poor little woman's knees began to freeze, Fal, &c.

When this little woman began to awake, Fal de ral, &c.
 She began to shiver, and she began to shake, Fal de ral, &c.
 She began to shake, and she began to cry, Fal lal dee, &c.
 Lord ha' mercy on I, this can't be I, Fal de ral, &c.

If I be I, as I suppose I be, Fal de ral, &c.
 I've got a little dog at home, and he knows me, Fal lal dee, &c.
 If I be I, he'll wag his little tail, Fal de ral, &c.
 But if it be not I, he will bark and rail, Fal lal dee, &c.

Home went this little woman, all in the dark, Fal de ral, &c.
 Up starts the little dog, and began to bark, Fal de ral, &c.
 He began to bark, and she began to cry, Fal lal dee, &c.
 Lord ha' mercy on I, this is none of I, Fal lal de ral, &c.

Miss Crotchet. Bravo, bravo---positively you must favour me with a copy of that *sublime* composition.

Nimble. I could have done something when a young man, but to obtain my high medical fame, I was obliged to sacrifice all my musical acquirements.

Enter THISBE with chocolate, which she hands.

Miss Crotchet. The world is no stranger to Doctor Chronic's successful practice.

Nimble. Successful! amazing! Why, Miss, (my hall is decorated with cast crutches, like the Holy Well in Wales. I had lately the fat Mr. Alderman Chalkstone under my care, when he was given over by the whole College of Physicians.

Miss Crotchet. I thought, Doctor Chronic, that the faculty never gave over any one till the fees expire.

Nimble. O yes, Miss, in desperate cases it is politic to give up, and take leave of patients, to
 avoid

avoid their expiring before the fees)---I radically cured Alderman Chalkstone, when he had neither a toe to stand on, nor a finger to hold a cup.---[*Toying with Thisbe aside he drops the cup.*

Miss Crotchet. (O heavens! my best Dresden sett.)

Nimble. What a cursed twinge! I beg ten thousand pardons. [*Picking up the pieces as if in pain.*

Thisbe. (Can I help you, Sir?

Nimble. To what, you sly little baggage you?
---[*Ogling her.*

Thisbe. To another cup of chocolate, Sir. [*archly.*

Nimble. In short, Miss, I so radically cured the Alderman, that in a few days afterwards he made one in a Scotch reel at the city ball.

[*Imitating the step.*

Miss Crotchet. Exque---kiss-be-mo!---ha, ha, ha!)

Nimble. (*Tenderly*) Ah! Miss, I wish you had the gout in every joint with all my soul!

Miss Crotchet. Really I am much obliged to you!

Nimble. Not in the least, Miss; because I should then have an opportunity of proving my tender regard in effecting, by watchful attention and great skill, a speedy cure.

Miss Crotchet. (How, Doctor?

Nimble. By administering my infallible specific.

Miss Crotchet. And pray Doctor, why don't you cure yourself by your own infallible specific.

Nimble. Umph! My little touches, Miss, are all hereditary.

Miss Crotchet. And the compliments you have just paid me, are as sincere, I suppose, as your medicine is efficacious.

Nimble. Exactly;) and would the gentle, lovely!

Miss Crotchet. O, dear Doctor, [*turning from him affectedly.*

Nimble. (Thisbe, I'll be your Pyramus [*aside to her*]) Though my passion is sudden, it is not the less ardent.

Miss Crotchet. O dear, Sir ! *and-anty-large-bo---*
Nimble. (To *Thisbe*) Then say, my pretty charmer, will you make me happy ?

Miss Crotchet. Pretty little charmer ! in what a *con-dolsee* style he addressees me ! [*Aside*

Nimble. (To *Thisbe*) And when shall it be ?

Miss Crotchet. O Doctor, you are too *presto---*
 a little more *adagio*, I beseech you !

Nimble. I am resolved this night.

Miss Crotchet. This night ! O, for shame, Sir---
 you are too *fortifs-be-mo*.

Thisbe. (The duce is in the man ! I can't get from him. [*Aside*

Miss Crotchet. (I cannot possibly, Doctor, think of surrendering to so sudden a summons, at least before the day that accomplishes the union of my niece with your nephew.

Nimble. I must seal my happiness, to which your eyes assent, on that bewitching pair of pouting lips. [*Aside.*

Miss Crotchet. Not for the world, my dear Doctor, till after the clerical *over-tower*.)

Rising suddenly and discovers NIMBLE endeavouring to kiss THISBE---They all stand amazed.

(After a pause) My organ of speech is stopt.

[*Walks up the stage in a fury.*

Nimble. S'death ! the girl's beauty, and my own cursed folly have ruined my hopes, at least for the present.---What the devil shall I say ?

Thisbe. O lud ! what shall I do ? I wish I was hid any where.

Nimble. Then follow my example, and beat a retreat. [*Exit.*

Thisbe. (Why should I be ashamed ? I am not to blame, I'll take courage---she can but discharge me.

Miss Crotchet. (Returning) And you, you ordinary trollop, to suffer a fellow to kiss you !

Thisbe. Ordinary Trollop indeed ! " Not for the world,

world, my dear Ma'am, 'till after the clerical *overtower*. (*mimicking Miss Crotchet.*)

Miss Crotchet. I insist upon your packing up your trumpery in a band-box, and quitting my service this night.

Thibbe. Trumpery in a band-box! This night! O, for shame, Ma'am! you are too *fortifs-be-mo*!

Miss Crotchet. I shall lose all patience---(could you have the vanity, creature, to suppose that the Doctor would marry such a slut as you?)

Thibbe. Slut, Madam! if he did propose it, "I should not think of surrendering before the day that accomplishes the union of your niece with his nephew." Ordinary Trollop, indeed!) [*Exit.*

Miss Crotchet. Was ever any thing so impudent and provoking! I'll never keep a handsome maid again, by all that's *discordical*.

Enter Doctor CHRONIC.

Chronic. I have at length got rid of the crazy Landlord; my nephew, Shinken, I find, is arrived before me; so that we shall soon have the wedding comfortably over. [*seeing Miss Crotchet*] Miss Crotchet, I presume.

Miss Crotchet. I am amazed, Doctor Chronic, you can have the effrontery to look me in the face.

Chronic. Hey day! why zookers! this salutation is almost as strange as "beau in buskins" at the inn.

Miss Crotchet. I really wonder that you, who are an aged man, and a grave physician too, are not ashamed to come here, dangling after a girl.

Chronic. Me after a girl! ha! ha! I did not come to be married, I assure you.

Miss Crotchet. I know it—your scandalous purpose, Sir, was sufficiently notorious without this declaration; but I desire, Mr. Pyramus, that you will instantly leave my domains, and follow your huffey, Thibbe.

Chronic. Thibbe! Zounds, she'll tell me bye
D 2 and

and bye, I suppose, that I am some languishing Hero in a corner, and that I have swam here from London, like Leander of old, across the Hellespont.

Miss Crotchet. You thought yourself no doubt (*points to the sofa*) a mighty charming *a-pogitory* between two simple notes—O! you are a *bass* man!

Chronic. Bass, Madam!

Miss Crotchet. Yes, Sir, *thorough bass*—You thought to play upon us all, I suppose, but I'll prevent my niece from being in *sun-i-sun* with your nephew—I'll put a *double-bar rest* to it.

Chronic. O la, Madam, my sole object was—

Miss Crotchet. None of your *sol-las*, nor *sol-fas* with me; your nephew shall never have the honour of being allied to a Crotchet, that's flat.

[*Exit.*

Chronic. Damme, to speak in her own lingo, but this is complete discord—never, in all my visits on patients or others had I such a tune played on me; I marched here in a slow movement, and am ignominiously dismissed in jig time.

[*Exit. hobbling nimbly.*

SCENE—FLORELLA'S *Painting-room.*

In the middle of the Stage a lay-figure with a fancy drapery over it, as if she had been recently making a picture from it—An Easel, &c. on the opposite side of the Stage.

Florella. (Rising) Heigho! even my favourite amusement cannot for an instant beguile my distress of mind at my approaching union with that creature, Shinken Ap Lloyd. I wish I had not seen this agreeable Mr. Dashley---I'll once more attempt to divert my thoughts, (*sits down to the easel*) what can be the cause of it? My pencils work exceedingly ill, and the colours don't blend with their usual softness---I'll leave at present, this sub-
ject,

ject, (*removes the Picture*) suppose---yes, I'll try a new experiment, and endeavour to sketch a likeness of the too charming stranger, from the impression his features have traced on my heart, I am pleased with the idea, (*places another picture on the easel, again sits down, and begins to draw*) shall I make it a profile, or full face? I'll prefer the latter---These are most excellent crayons indeed!

[*Seems to proceed with pleasure.*]

Enter LANDLORD, unobserved.

Landlord. I have popped my head into every hole and corner in the house, without discovering the Theatre. This, therefore, must certainly be the scene of action---Ah! Miss Florella daubing the new scenery and decorations, I suppose.

Florella. The whole contour of his features is singularly striking and handsome.

Landlord. Zookers! she caught a peep at me, perhaps.

Florella. I'll candidly state to Doctor Chronic my aversion to the intended union.

Landlord. Doctor Chronic! that's the very character my friend, Nimble, enacts! Yes, I'm right at last! this is the Theatre, the rehearsal is begun, and she is playing her part.

Florella. It is impossible for me to conceal the object of my wishes.

Landlord. But, faith, I'll take care, and not discover mine. Ah! a statue fixed up! Egad, I'll make bold to take shelter under its skirts, and hear all, undiscovered.---(*Creeps softly towards it.*)

Florella. Every judicious person must applaud my conduct.

Landlord. That is, if you act well, [*gets under the drapery of the Lay-figure*] [*peeps out*] so, I am as snug here, as a bottle in a bin!

Florella. His likeness seems to start from the canvass.

Landlord. [*peeping.*] Likeness! why zounds! she can't

can't see me now sure ! Ah ! another of the Dramis-
persons---I'll into my little bar again. [*bides.*

Enter DASHLEY.

Florella. [*Still at work.*] There, I think I have
already sketched a tolerable outline of the too
amiable Dashley.

Dashley. [*Aside.*] "Amiable Dashley!" my name
surely fell from the lips of her, "who is more than
painting can express, or youthful Poets fancy when
they love."

Landlord. [*Peeping.*] Psha ! I could have spoken
that speech much louder myself.

Florella. Yet I despair of expressing the tender
look with which he viewed me at our last parting.

Dashley. She is intent upon her study. By all
that's happy, my portrait ! I'll steal unobserved be-
hind the easel. [*Steps softly behind the easel.*

Landlord. Ha ! ha ! I see you tho' ; and 'faith it
is very good acting.

Florella. Had I the pencil of a Corregio, or a
Raphael, I find I should be incapable of doing jus-
tice to my picture, without the presence of the dear
original. [*Dashley presents his face by the side of the
picture.*] Gracious Heaven ! (*starting and rising*)
what has my imagination conjured up ?

Dashley. (*Coming forward.*) The original, my
lovely maid.

Florella. O, Mr. Dashley, you have surprized
me in an unguarded moment !

Dashley. The happiest of my life ! Believe me
your eternal and faithful adorer !

Florella. Then, Sir, if your professions are sin-
cere, go to my aunt, honourably avow your re-
gards, and preserve me from marrying a man I
detest, whilst I retire to recover myself.

Dashley. With pride I obey---will gladly avow
my love, and prove myself your much honoured
protector. [*Exeunt.*

Landlord. (*Advancing.*) So, they have made
their

their exeunt, and I have an opportunity of speaking a soliloqui---“ When Roscius was an actor in Rome.”---Plague! here come two more of the performers---Buz!---buz! I must pack myself once more in my hamper. [*Creeps behind the lay-figure again.*]

Enter Miss CROTCHET, followed by NIMBLE.

Miss Crotchet. I'll not listen to a repeat of your addreses, your making love in my presence to my maid, Thistle, was as shocking as to prefer a ballad to a fine *bravo-row*!

Nimble. But hear me, I beseech you, Miss.

Miss Crotchet. No--not if you sung like the *Italian* Hand-all, or composed like the *German* Mark-Casey.

Enter FOOTMAN.

Footman. Doctor Chronic, Madam, begs to have the honour of another interview with you.

Miss Crotchet. Blockhead! don't you see that Doctor Chronic is present?

Nimble. (Aside.) Here's a fine storm brewing!

Footman. Doctor Chronic is without, Madam.

Nimble. Doctor Chronic is within, Madam.

Miss Crotchet. What is all this? Shew the Gentleman here.

[*Exit Footman.*]

Nimble. Charming creature! beware of an impostor.---The Chronics, it must be confessed, are very numerous amongst the faculty---But for Doctor Chronic, of immortal fame, *ecce homo*!

[*Struts about.*]

Enter Doctor CHRONIC and SHINKEN.

NIMBLE and the DOCTOR stare at each other, applying their canes to their noses.

Landlord, (peeping.) “Methinks there are two Richmonds in the field to-day.”

Miss Crotchet. Bless me! they are as like each other as two *Simme-braves*. Mr. Shinken, which of the two Doctors is your uncle?

Shinken. As cot is hur life, hur is not able to say, tell, pronounce, or tecize, look you now.

Chronic.

Chronic. (*brandishing his cane.*) You graceless Varlet, I'll convince you I am he.

Nimble, (*brandishing his cane.*) You unnatural young rogue, Ill soon beat it into your head, that I am your uncle.

Shinken. Pless hur, and save hur, and tefent hur! hur shall have hur prains peat out on both sides by her own flesh and plood.

[*Retires towards the Lay-figure.*]

Landlord, (*peeping*). They are at it---they are at it---very well---very well, indeed.

NIMBLE and Doctor CHRONIC follow SHINKEN up the Stage, the latter, in passing behind the lay-figure, pushes it, and the LANDLORD, down together.

“Perdition catch thy arm, the chance is thine.”

Miss Crotchet. Heav'n's! my niece's lay-figure is destroyed.

Landlord. (*still on the ground.*) Which, Madam? for there are two of us lie here.

Miss Crotchet. How came you here? I fear the man is hurt.

Landlord. “Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you,” (*gets up*) egad, I'll make one amongst them.

Chronic. By Hippocrates! the crazy Landlord! he knows me, however. Friend, what is my real name?

Landlord. Nimble, to be sure.

Chronic. Is it so, rascal, (*strikes the LANDLORD, who runs to the corner of the stage, whips off his shoe, and falls on his knees.*)

Landlord. “Thieves! Murder! Thieves!”

Chronic. Speak, you scrub-looking elf! Don't you know that I arrived not long ago at your inn?

Nimble. So did I.

Landlord. “Spare my life, and take all I have.”

Nimble. Your round of beef is my witness.

Landlord. “Ah! Brother Martin, is it you?”

Chronic. There, there, Madam! The Landlord declares the fellow to be his brother Martin.

Nimble. Fellow! (*recollecting himself.*) Yes, I am

am a fellow. Fellow of the College of Physicians.
(*Struts about*) A Master of Arts.

Chronic. 'Tis the Black Arts then, by the immortal cures I have made.

Nimble. Mortal cures, you mean.

Chronic. Impostor! I'll prove my pretensions by the law of arms. (*presenting his cane in a fencing posture.*

Nimble. Come on!

Miss Crotchet. O! they will commit suicide on each other.

Landlord. "Put by this barbarous brawl.

"He that stirs next to carve forth his own rage,

"Holds his soul light. He dies upon his motion."

Enter DASHLEY and FLORELLA, arm in arm,

THISBE following.

Nimble. Huzza! I see Mr. Dashley has gained the thirty thousand. The medical honours of my head shall therefore follow my wooden leg.----
(*Throws away his wig and stick, then runs and takes THISBE by the hand.*) And here is my little prize in Love's Lottery.

Shinken. Odds splutter ant nails! Prite, that is to be, you have not hat another tumble, have you?

Florella. No indeed!

Shinken. Then why shoul't you make so free, I pray now, with the shentleman's arm?

Dashley. Because, Sir, it is pledged to be the lady's protector for life.

Miss Crotchet. This is all *arpego* and *crum-at-ties* to me!

Florella. Remember, Sir, after the accident that befel me, you was so gallant to stay at the inn, and prefer a bumper of brandy to my company.

Dashley. And assign this invaluable gem to me, though an utter stranger.

Miss Crotchet. 'Tis all very true.

Chronic. Why, you blockhead, you neither deserve her, nor my favour.

Nimble, (*mimicking Shinken.*) (Acot, hur hat petter gallop pack again to Lantwelling Hall, near Penmanmaur.)

Shinken. (Hur will knock your prains out)---take notice, look you, that her ton't care the falve of a leek apout the matter.

Miss Crotchet. If that's the case, Florella, I give you my free consent.

Chronic. And I mine ; for that Scape Goat, my nephew, is unworthy of you ; I have a great mind to alter my will, and cut him off with a bad shilling.

Nimble. (And adopt me and Thisbe.

Chronic. Upon my word, Sir, considering you was going just now to run me through the body with your cane, I am much obliged to you.

Dasbley. You shall have no occasion, friend Nimble, for the Doctor's bounty.

Florella. And Thisbe shall experience my protection.

Nimble. Then Thisbe and I will follow your example, and cast anchor in the port of matrimonial happiness, shan't we, my girl ?

Thisbe. The wind, I believe, blows a little that way.)

Miss Crotchet. Come, let us forget that any discord has been played amongst us, and as we seem now to be tolerably *harmonical*, I invite you all to my Consort.

Landlord. " Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast."

Miss Crotchet. And when the performance at Crotchet Lodge is ended, that it may be honoured with the approbation of the company present—

Landlord. " Is a consummation devoutly to be wished."

[*Exit Omnes.*]

THE END.



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